

Stoves, Tinware, Cutlery, Brass Kettles,
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Ware, &c., &c., &c.

The Little Wanderer.

By SARAH K. ATKINSON.

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Upon the valley and the hill—
Its last fair rays were lingering still
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A lovely child was waiting to rove;
In that enchanting hour it strayed
Within the shady, flowery glade.
She wandered till the sun had set,
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To gather flowers bright and wild.
Night's shades were closing o'er the earth,
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That quickly passed the fleeting hours;
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"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, you are sick!" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she came up to him.

"Oh, dreadfully!" groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"It's a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came pretty near dying of it ten years come next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"You can sympathize with me, I was troubled with it, but I never lived it."

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"Then, again, I'm very much distressed by inflammation of the larynx."

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